Blood Moon Rising

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8324302.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Ella Enchanted - All Media Types, Ella Enchanted (2004), Valhalla Rising, Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Prince Charmont (Ella Enchanted)/ One Eye (Valhalla Rising)
Characters:	Prince Charmont, One Eye (Valhalla Rising)
Additional Tags:	Blood and Gore, Death, Maybe the beginning of a new story?, You Decide, #Hannictober, OneChar, One-Char, Eventual Relationships, maybe? - Freeform, Violence, Hints that One Eye isn't human
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of #Hannictober
Collections:	#Hannictober
Stats:	Published: 2016-10-19 Words: 984 Chapters: 1/1

Blood Moon Rising

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

Finding himself interested, he stepped from the darkness of the trees, effectively alerting all to his presence. The blood red of the moon illuminating him in an almost demonic light. He was certain. A unique sort of savagery.

Prince Charmont meets One Eye.

Notes

#Hannictober Day 19: Full Moon

Blood Moons are cooler imo. I'm strangely into this pairing, just saying. Mads is sexy when he's fighting, or moving, or breathing. Yeah.

See the end of the work for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

The moon was full this night. The moon was also as red as the blood that splattered across the ground, freshly spilled. An ominous warning, forcing all with little to no fortitude, to cower in their homes.

It was nights like these that he felt… dangerous. More so than usual. Where the darkness within roiled and clawed at its confines in search of an escape. It was also the night when he felt more in tune with himself and the earth.

He crept along the ground, hatchet hanging low. The weapon trailed across the grass, whispering against the individual blades.

No one was foolish enough to start an immediate fight with someone who was covered in blood and carrying a weapon in one hand, and a severed head in the other. Even large groups would be careful about attacking, and that was just fine.

The sounds of metal clashing against metal rang through the trees. A battle. Judging by the heavy scent of blood in the air, it had been waged for quite a while.

He remained close to the trees, curious about this battle and who he might have to face.

It was a man. A young man at that. One man against what looked to be several opponents. Many were already laying on the ground, obviously dead.

His clothing was nice, well-tailored to his frame. His hair was clean, and other than some blood staining his tunic, and the mud on his fitted boots, he was immaculate.

He was also brandishing a sword in one hand and a spear in the other, expertly holding off three foes at once.

The young man spun in place, driving his sword into the stomach of one enemy, while his leg kicked out high behind himself. Land a sharp kick to another's jaw.

He didn't stop moving, withdrawing his blade immediately, barely paying the falling man a glance as he ducked beneath a wild swing, which soared over his head. And the sword that made such a move, had been swung too quickly, forcing its way from its owner's hands and turning the man almost in a full circle.

The spinning only ceased when the blade connected with another man, effectively tearing down his own ally with his foolishness and poor skill.

The young warrior leapt with great agility, over the next man, and bent backwards so far, his head nearly touched the ground. His sword twirled once in a circle, causing the last four men to back away to avoid possible injury.

Finding himself interested, he stepped from the darkness of the trees, effectively alerting all to his presence. The blood red of the moon illuminating him in an almost demonic light. He was certain. A unique sort of savagery.

The clean one took advantage of his enemies and beheaded one immediately. The remaining three backed away, unable to determine whom they should be wary of. The one who appeared to have taken down all of them and their fellows, or the new threat carrying a spoil of battle so blatantly.

They backed away with each step taken, and the monster in men's skin smirked in amusement. Give them fear and they scatter.

The three men turned and fled immediately, tripping over themselves in their haste, leaving the fresh man alone with this new opponent.

That was, if said person even felt like fighting him, which oddly enough, he did not.

Though he was curious.

"Are you friend or foe?" the man demanded, voice crisp and clear. Not rough or gravelly. Youthful, much like his appearance. He had an accent proving that he was of nobility.

The beast did not answer. Had not done so in years, so why start now?

His eye trailed over the battlefield, counting nineteen bodies, four of which were garbed in silver armour. Official. Important, much like the young flesh before him.

"Have you a name?" the young one asked, lowering his sword a little, though his spear remained perfectly trained on the one-eyed stranger.

There was no answer. He did not. So why did it matter?

"Can you not speak?"

He did not bother to respond. Whether by verbal or facial acknowledgement.

The man looked toward the bodies. "Could you help me bury my comrades? They fought valiantly, and I do not wish to scorn their memory. I'd love to take them back to my kingdom… though I do not think I can manage four bodies on my own."

'Kingdom'. Most definitely a noble. Interesting. Christian? Most certainly not.

Reaching down, the beast deposited his hatchet on the ground in order to grab a nearby spear. Not bothering to look at the young man, he made an obvious show of stabbing the ground with it, and mounting the head of his enemy there, for all to see. A warning.

He then took up his weapon once more, and trailed closer to the man, whose hold on his weapons tightened.

Not foolish despite his young age.

“Have you a name I may address you by?” the young one reiterated, looking strict as well as annoyed.

Pausing, he lifted one finger and then pointed to his only eye.

“One-Eye? Really?”

A quirk of the lips was the man’s answers. ‘One-Eye’ proceeded to scour the ground for large pieces of metal that could be used as makeshift shovels.

Understanding his idea, the young man moved forward to help him, less hostile than before.

“If you wish me to call you ‘One-Eye’, than so be it.” Fixing One-Eye with a charming smile, the young warrior said, “I’m Char, and your assistance is most appreciated.”

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

End Notes

How was it? Should I continue?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!